

Japan has acquired the American dining car system at a jump without pausing at a railway sandwich stage.

Brooks Adams believes that wars, financial panics and revolutions are the efforts of society and readjustment after its equilibrium has been destroyed.

A crusade against the adulteration of milk has been started in Paris, in the hope of decreasing the great mortality of infants, which is attributed to this cause.

General Joseph Wheeler told a boy's brigade in Philadelphia the other night that his earnest hope is that we shall never have another war, and he added that there will never be any necessity for one "if all persons will be good."

The foreign born element in New York City numbers 1,270,069, of whom Great Britain has contributed 365,452, Scandinavia, 49,061; the Teutonic countries 397,642, the Latin races 161,596, the Slavonic countries 245,144, and Asiatic countries 8964.

Who can set bounds to trolley extensions in these days? Within a wonderfully short time surface electric cars will be running without breaks, it is claimed, between New York City and Boston, Washington and other large cities. No one of these lines, however, should be permitted to ruin the boulevards and pleasure drives in suburban districts. The trolley companies should purchase the right of way, as the steam railroads do, contends the New York Tribune.

Asia Minor suffers as greatly from earthquakes as Mexico, perhaps more so. The calamity which has now overtaken Shamaka, over near the Caspian sea, was paralleled at Achalkalek about two years ago. About 600 people were killed at that time. Only a few months before 1500 lives were lost in the province of Smyrna, on the Mediterranean. Shamaka has been particularly famous for such shocks, but in spite of them was long a place of official residence, and even now is the centre of a large silk industry.

The story is told of a New Englander, about 70 years old, and apparently a vegetarian, who, having learned that Henry Van Dyke, author of "The Ruling Passion," made occasional expeditions to Canada and elsewhere in search of big game, recently sent to him a pen drawing made by himself of a stag—a charming piece of work for a man of such years—and underneath placed this motto, in large letters: "Thou shalt not kill." Dr. Van Dyke, in acknowledging receipt of the drawing, thanked his friend for his kindness, and suggested that under certain conditions a more appropriate text would be Acts x, 13: "Rise, Peter, kill and eat."

Anent Mr. Rockefeller's declaration that honesty, perseverance and industry are the essential requisites for business, light on the accuracy of that contention may be cast by the following facts: In a British colony close to the newest of our insular possessions there lives a certain Portuguese person who is a sugar planter, and who has made a remarkable business success. While his neighbors have slowly drifted down from wealth into something desperately close to hopeless ruin, this man has prospered, he has added estate to estate, and, despite the competition and barriers, he has gone on steadily piling up money. He began life as a plantation laborer without a shilling; he is so illiterate that he cannot sign his name or keep even the rudest of accounts. His neighbors admit that he performs his contracts, but they credit him with no remarkable honesty, and neither his industry nor his perseverance is at all beyond the ordinary tropical standard. The fact is that he had a natural genius for raising sugar in that particular island, and fate was kind enough to carry him to what is probably the one place in all the world where his special ability could be fully developed. The world is full of just such cases, and side by side with them are other cases, of men honest, industrious, and persevering, who haven't the knack of making lots of money. They are good men, but they are not good business men—and what real difference does it make if they are not? Certainly it doesn't prove that they are failures, nor does it give rich men the right to enrage them by declaring that men get rich by the exercise of honesty, industry, and perseverance when they don't do any such thing, no matter how honest, industrious and persevering they may be, explains the New York Times.

INDIVIDUALISM.
Each man, a world—to other worlds half known—
Turns on a tiny axis of his own;
His full life orbit is a pathway dim
To brother planets that revolve with him.
—William H. Hayes, in McClure's.

MISS KATE.
By JEAN E. SOMERTON.

Slender, but not slim, with soft, hazel eyes and long lashes, pale complexion, light brown hair, with here and there a strand of gray, not pretty but attractive looking, simple in manner, speech and dress—that was Miss Kate.

That she was an old maid was beyond dispute. Her most intimate friend would not have denied it if he could; though for the matter of that he could not, belonging, as he did, to the feline species, and not being blessed with the power of speech. She was "turned" 35 if she was a day, and the most hopeful of that social scourge as match makers had long since scratched her name off their list of possibilities.

Miss Kate lived in her own cottage, and the lawn in front of it was the neatest in Grantley, as the little parlor inside was the tidiest. The cat that monopolized the hearth rug in the parlor of evenings was as sleek as could be, and exceptionally well behaved. The furniture was old-fashioned, but the easy chairs were comfortable, and the room certainly had a cozy appearance.

That Miss Kate had a good heart and a kind one I can vouch for, and so could many a barefooted lad and many an overworked factory girl. There was no Sunday school teacher in Grantley as beloved by her scholars, and they all knew the flavor of her famous cookies.

I was not surprised to hear one day that Miss Kate had had a bit of romance in her life that the younger generation had never heard of and the older ones had nearly forgotten. There had been a certain handsome young man who had courted her in the old days and not unsuccessfully. He had been practicing law for three or four years and his prospects were bright. He was genial in his manner, but proud to a fault. He was tall and broad shouldered, had very black hair and eyes to match.

He had never been a lady's man, and despite the fact that many jaunty caps were set for him, he had not responded until he met Kate Morton at a church festival. From that evening he was a determined wooer, and although she did not apparently reciprocate at first, his youth, good looks and a winning tongue were finally successful. So at last she loved him in return—and the gossip began to wonder when the day would be set and to surmise among themselves that it had been set and was still a secret. Whether it really had or had not been Seth Gray knew and Miss Kate knew, but the gossips never found out.

Of the matrimonially inclined young ladies who had set their caps for Seth Gray before the fateful church festival, none had set them so artfully and hopefully as Barbara Martin. She was a pretty girl, with sparkling black eyes and went to deck out in the gayest colors and ribbons imaginable. She had Spanish blood in her veins, and was proud of it, and proud of her temper, too. Although Seth had never paid her any serious attention, she had appeared attractive to him until he met Kate. If it had not been for that there is no telling what might have happened.

Miss Martin was not a young lady to submit to a total eclipse calmly, and one day, about the time that the gossips had settled it satisfactorily, among themselves that the day had finally been set, she came to the conclusion that matters had progressed far enough, and made an afternoon call on her successful rival. She left her pretty airs and graces at home with her gay ribbons that day, and was a sad enough figure when her hostess ushered her into the parlor—the same little parlor, although Miss Kate's mother was living then, and it was brighter to her than it was in after years.

Barbara Martin told her story well, and wept seemingly bitter tears over it. She told how Seth Gray had wooed and won and had promised to marry her, and how the day had been named, and how he had kept up the cruel deception ever after he met Kate herself, and how heartlessly he had finally thrown her over and laughed at her. Then, when she saw that the girl at her side appeared sorely troubled, she became remorseful and vowed that she ought not to have told her. Then she grew hysterical and railed against all men, and despised herself for an idiot to have trusted one of them.

Her auditor was very quiet through it all, but Barbara Martin knew that her shaft had been a straight one, and went home exulting. After she had gone, Kate did what many another girl in her place would have done; she had a hard cry. She did not tell her mother. She could not have told any one. She hated to think that even Barbara Martin knew the man she loved, in such an altered light, but the mere fact of thinking of him softened her and she hoped—ay, in the loyalty of her heart she trusted—that Seth had been misunderstood.

There should be no misunderstanding between them. She determined to tell him that evening, when he called, all that she had heard. But tangled through her trouble was a sore feeling

of disappointment that Seth could have even carelessly trifled with another girl, and the feeling, too, of unconscious jealousy in the thought that he had prolonged the farce after he had begun wooing of herself. It was a feeling akin to resentment against him, in justice to herself.

When he entered the parlor a few hours later, he knew at once that something was wrong and Kate did not leave him long in doubt. She told him the whole story, only withholding the name of her informant. She kept back her tears, too, and the effort made her voice hard. She waited for him to speak when she had finished, and if they had been sitting nearer to each other would have touched his hand.

I said that Seth Gray was proud, and if ever a proud man was humiliated that man was himself. No other proof than her own voice could have made him think that this young woman could believe for a moment such a base falsehood against his manhood. The feeling of deep injury and indignation was uppermost in his mind. Without a word he rose and turned to go. At the door he paused an instant to look at her; then there was a quick firm step on the gravel walk, the gate shut noisily, and he was gone. From that night Kate never saw Seth Gray again.

Never saw him again? How many times she saw him in that doorway, when the cat was purring contentedly on the rug and the little earthenware teapot was singing cheerfully on the hearth, only Miss Kate knew. How many times that last reproachful glance looked in upon her during the lonely nights of the long years that followed, when the whole bitter truth was before her, only Miss Kate knew. How utterly dreary the tidy little parlor was at times during the long, long hours, when the thought of that last night came back to her; how often the soft gray eyes wept bitterly when she thought of the wrong that she had done him, and that she could never undo now, Miss Kate and only Miss Kate knew.

And that was the story of her romance. A late train, westbound, carried Seth Gray away that night. She lived her life as best she could, and before her little world the thorns in her path were trodden unflinchingly. Whenever a woman's hand was needed, there was Miss Kate; wherever charitable duties was the hardest, in the coldest winters, among the worst class of people; there was Miss Kate; and although her purse was not a large one it was open constantly.

I think that it was this constant doing of good, this never ceasing healing of bodies, minds and hearts, that kept the hard lines off her face, even when the early gray strands glistened in her brown hair.

If there was one weakness for which she had no compassion, it was the weakness of drunkenness. If there were any meditations that left her door empty handed, they were those who went there with the fumes of alcohol on the breath. Truly the drunkard in her eyes was detestable.

And so the summers and the winters passed until the time came when Miss Kate had become an old maid beyond dispute. New lives went into the little town and old lives went out. Girls in pinafores and small boys in trousers grew to be women and men, married and set up for themselves; but to Miss Kate one year was but a repetition of another and it sometimes seemed to her that she was continually going around in a circle that had long since become monotonous.

If Miss Kate ever thought that she might have made her life happier, she regarded the thought well; and if the smiling matrons ever occasioned the slightest envy in her breast, they could as easily have learned it from the exterior of the neat cottage as from its prime mistress.

One wintery March morning she started out, with a basket on her arm, to visit a sick family, and she noticed a small crowd of men and boys a short distance from her gate. The gibes that reached her ears and the incoherent profanity that followed, told her that a drunken man was the center of the group.

She knew that she would be obliged to pass them, but with the determination not to be deterred from her purpose by such an unworthy cause, she held her head a trifle higher, involuntarily drew her skirts closer about her, and walked on. As she neared the group she saw that the man was reeling; he was a wretched looking creature, with unkempt beard and much worn clothing. She gave him one look and the basket dropped from her arm. She walked straight up to him, laid her hand on his grayed sleeve and led him to her own gate, up the gravel walk and into the old parlor, which was looking very comfortable this cold morning.

She cried over him and bathed his face with cold water, and finally coaxed him the daintiest breakfast imaginable. Who would have thought it of Miss Kate? And what would the people say? Little she cared for Mrs. Grundy then! Notwithstanding her tears, there was not a lighter heart in the world that day than hers.

If there had been one bright spot in her lonely life, it had been the hope of this return; and as the years came and went she had sometimes felt that she was hoping against hope. And now he had come back. What did it matter how he had come? He had come and that was enough.

At first Seth was dazed and inensible to his surroundings, but when the breakfast was brought into him he ate like a hungry man. Miss Kate, wise woman that she was, had had balled some black coffee, so strong that its very aroma might have had a sobering

influence, and when Seth had drunk two big cups of it, he began to look around him. The little parlor had not changed so very much in all those years, and remembering how he had landed in Grantley the night before, it began to dawn upon him where he really was. Then his eyes rested on Miss Kate and he knew it all.

He buried his face in his hands and sobbed. But the arms of a woman were about the worn coat, and the tired head was on her breast, and the uncombed hair was anointed with her tears.

Did they marry? What a question! Of course they did! Seth Gray was not a habitual drunkard. He reformed, and with reformation came health and success. There never was a better husband, and the happiest wife in Grantley is—Miss Kate.—Waverley Magazine.

FARMING IN JAPAN.
Crate Implements Still Used in Cultivating the Soil.

Twenty-seven hundred years before Christ the Emperor of China introduced a system of agriculture into his country. The soil had always been cultivated in an inferior way, but this enterprising ruler saw the need of other methods, and made every effort to enforce their general adoption. In order to impress the matter upon the peasants he plowed a small plot of land and sowed it with the five most important cereals. For this he was defied after his death and made god of the crops. For more than 4,000 years the rulers of the empire have followed his example in the matter of plowing and sowing.

When these new modes of cultivation had been well established, and every hillside and valley were smiling ready for harvest, the islands of Japan became known to China and they sent their missionary priest over to this country. They took with them the entire civilization of China—their arts, sciences, philosophy, industries, and among the latter their well-tested methods of cultivating the soil.

The Japanese farmer had many disadvantages that make the process of better cultivation very difficult. The entire country is of volcanic formation, and only one-twelfth of the land is sufficiently flat to admit of farming. Added to this the soil itself is naturally a very poor quality and requires special treatment both by ways of enriching and irrigation. The greatest advantage of the farmer is the fact that he has divided the land into very small sections. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that extreme poverty makes it impossible for a farmer to possess more than a good-sized potato patch. At any rate, the smallness of the farms has its advantages, and the toil of the farmer of today is not to be mentioned when compared with that of his ancestors, who took the virgin soil in all its poverty and lavished no end of energy and strength to bring it up to its present producing capacity. Yes, the farmer of today has entered into a rich heritage of hills already terraced and plains finely irrigated, representing the patient, steady toil of many centuries.

The first turning of the soil on a well-conducted plot is done by a crude plow harnessed to a bullock or horse, usually the former. A crooked piece of wood forms the central feature of this ancient structure. To one end is attached a sharp blade, and to the other a crossbeam, used for the double purpose of tethering the bullock, which is harnessed with indestructible rope trappings, and also furnishing a means by which the farmer may guide the plow. After this sort of plowing the soil is loosened by a long-handled spade and the process of planting begins.

The crude manner of the preparation of the soil is of little moment when compared with the harvesting. The sickle is scarcely larger than a curved breadknife, and upon this the farmer depends for gathering everything that is not uprooted.—Springfield (Ohio) Farm and Fireside.

Speed of the Carrier Pigeon.
Some years ago Griffit made some observations (recorded in the Field, February 19, 1887), in a closed gallery on the speed attained by "blue-rock" pigeons and English pheasants and partridges. The two first mentioned flew at the rate of only 32.8 miles per hour, while the partridge made but 28.4 miles, and these rates were all considerably in excess of what they made in the open. The carrier pigeon is rather a fast-flying bird, yet the average speed is not very great. Thus, the average made in eighteen matches (The Field, January 22, 1887), was only 36 English miles an hour, although in two of these trials a speed of about 55 miles was maintained for four successive hours. In this country the average racing speed is apparently about 35 miles an hour, although a few exceptionally rapid birds have made short distance flights at the rate of from 45 to 52 miles an hour. The longest record flight of a carrier pigeon was from Pensacola, Florida, to Fall River, Mass., an air-line distance of 1,183 miles, made in 15 1/2 days, or only about 76 miles a day.

The Exploration of Kentucky.
The country now called Kentucky was well known to the Indian traders, many years before its settlement. It was, however, remained unexplored by the Virginians till the year 1769, when Colonel Daniel Boone and a few others, who conceived it to be an interesting object, undertook a journey for that purpose. After a long, fatiguing march over a mountain wilderness in a westerly direction, they at length arrived upon its borders, and from the top of an eminence "saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky."

FEARLS OF THOUGHT.

True boldness never blusters,
The worst getting is that which hinders giving.
Most men may be known by the way they use money.
Fleeing from responsibility is hiding from reward.

Common sense is often but common sympathy with all.
Suffering falls when it does not teach us long-suffering.
To get accustomed to evil is to become assimilated to it.
Crystallized virtues are apt to be cutting rather than kind.

The frivolity of fashion is the soil in which corruption flourishes.
When a man wears his success with pride it is often made of paste.
When prosperity falls on the evil heart it but nourishes its weeds.
Time will not make the great man, but he cannot be made without it.

You may know a man's principles by the things he has an interest in.
Not pain but right pleasures is the best cure for the love of wrong ones.
Put your stumbling block where it belongs and it will become a stepping stone.

When your kindness is only intended for coals of fire it will certainly burn your own fingers.—Ram's Horn

Japanese Paint Brushes.

The Japanese artist has made a most careful study of how to convey truths in the most pleasurable way; how to make his lines most beautiful, as though a speaker would use but words of most exquisite sound. To do this he has cultivated his "touch" until it is but mockery to compare with that of his European brother. He has learned to handle his brush with a directness and precision which is a thing of wonder, and he has studied with a patience beyond compare the possibilities of each particular kind of brush. He knows, for instance, that one kind of brush may be used to express a bamboo stem and that another brush will be less efficacious. He knows how to fill each particular part of that brush with a certain amount of color or of water, so that a single movement of the hand over the paper will paint the stem, its light and shade, its peculiar characteristics, complete. And to the perfecting of that single movement of the hand over the paper he and his ancestors have given years of study.

Listen to a description by a Japanese. He is not an artist himself, but is explaining how artists use a certain brush:

"The brush with color is passed over a piece of paper with a heavy stroke that spreads the bristles of the brush, at the same time bending them at the tip. The brush is then turned so that the bristles curve toward the artist, and a light stroke will produce the hair-like lines. This is one of the ways of painting the hair or fur of animals."—The Independent.

Russian Methods.
Persistence may be a good quality, but judgment is a better one, and the young American in the following story, told by Frederick Palmer, evidently became convinced of it:

An American drummer, fresh from our direct methods of business, called on Monsieur de Witte, the Russian minister of finance, to get certain information necessary for the sale of his goods. The minister refused it. The young man persisted. The minister still refused. Then the young man declared:

"You are the only man that can give me what I want. I'm not going back to my folks and tell them that I couldn't do any business. I've got to know. I could get the same thing in two minutes in America, and I'm not going to leave the room until—"

The minister pressed an electric button. In walked two guards. The minister spoke to them in Russian, and directly the young man found himself walking down the Nevsky Prospect with an uncongenial escort.

As he thought the matter over in jail, he concluded that his hand was not strong enough, as he put it, to bluff the whole Russian empire. Within an hour he was led back into the presence of De Witte, who told him that a decent apology would save further trouble. After the young man made it, De Witte gave him the information, and with it a reminder that it was not wise to be rude, even to ministers of state.

Mill Whistles Useless.
The largest whistle in the state, it is said, is to be placed in an Indianapolis manufactory. It is to be so big as to be easily heard all over the city, a three-inch steam pipe furnishing the noise-making power. Why? Why should it be so? Why should there be a whistle of this size or any size in this factory or in any other? There was a time when whistles were as necessary as a bell on the farm is today. But today it is a poor man indeed that has not some sort of timepiece. There are a dozen ways in which the supposed need of a whistle in an industrial establishment can be supplied. Simple gongs in every department, to be touched by electricity, would supply the place. Whistling by railroad locomotives is forbidden in the city. Whistling by factories ought likewise to be forbidden.—Indianapolis News.

They Must Be Fancy Free.
An Atchison business man refuses to keep an engaged girl in his employ; as soon as she begins to display engagement symptoms by doing careless, absent-minded work, he gives her a wedding present and pays her off.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

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